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DE WITT'S ACTING PLAYS.

(Number 398.)

VACATION.

AN ORIGINAL COMEDY,

IN TWO ACTS.

—BY—

CHARLES TOWNSEND,

Author of "Border Land," "Broken Fetters," etc., etc.

TOGETHER WITH

A Description of the Costumes—Cast of the Characters—Entrances and Exits—Relative Positions of the Performers on the Stage—and the whole of the Stage Business.

New York:
THE DE WITT PUBLISHING HOUSE,
No. 33 Rose Street.

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* * These Plays require but one scene, unless otherwise stated. The figures in the columns indicate the number of characters—M. male; F. female.

No.	M. F.	No.	M. F.
141. Absent Minded, Eth. farce.....	3 1	88. First Night, Dutch farce.....	4 2
73. Africau Box, Eth. burlesque, 2 sc. 5		51. Fisherman's Luck, Eth. sketch...	2
107. Africanus Bluebeard, Eth. musical burlesque.....	6 2	152. Fun in a Cooper's Shop, Eth. sketch	6
113. Ambition, Irish farce, 2 scenes....	7	106. Gambrinus, King of Lager Beer, Eth. burlesque, 2 scenes.....	8 1
133. Awful Plot (An), Eth. farce	3 1	157. Gentleman Coon's Parade, Eth. musical sketch.....	3
43. Baby Elephant, Eth. sketch, 2 sc. 7	1	83. German Emigrant, Dutch sketch..	2 2
42. Bad Whiskey, Irish sketch	3 1	77. Getting Square on the Call Boy, Eth. sketch.....	3
79. Barney's Courtship, Irish musical interlude.....	1 1	17. Ghost (The), Eth. sketch.....	2
40. Big Mistake, Ethiopian sketch	4	58. Ghost in a Pawn Shop, Eth. sketch	4
155. Black Brigands, musical burlesque 8		31. Glycerine Oil, Eth. sketch, 2 sc...	3
6. Black Chap from Whitechapel, Ethiopian farce.....	4	20. Going for the Cup, Eth. interlude.	4
10. Black Chemist, Ethiopian sketch..	3	82. Good Night's Rest, sketch.....	3
11. Black-Ey'd William, Eth. sketch, 2sc. 4	1	130. Go and Get Tight, Eth. farce.....	6
146. Black Forrest (The), Eth. farce... 2	1	86. Gripsack (The), sketch.....	3
110. Black Magician, Eth. comicality .. 4	2	70. Guide to the Stage, Eth. sketch...	3
126. Black Statue (The), Eth. farce... 4	2	61. Happy Couple, farce.....	2 1
127. Blitkns and Jinks, Eth. sketch... 3	1	142. Happy Uncle Rufus, Eth. musical sketch.....	1 1
128. Bobolino, the Black Bandit, Eth. musical farce.....	2 2	23. Hard Times, Eth. extravaganza ..	5 1
120. Body Snatchers (The), Eth. sketch 2 scenes.....	4	118. Helen's Funny Babies, Eth. bur- lesque.....	6
78. Bogus Indian, sketch, 4 scenes....	5 2	3. Hemmed In, Eth. sketch	3 1
89. Bogus Talking Machine, Eth. farce 4		48. High Jack, the Heeler, Eth. sketch	6
24. Bruised and Cured, Eth. Sketch... 2		68. Hippotheatron, sketch.....	9
108. Charge of the Hash Brigade, comic Irish musical sketch	2 2	159. How to Pay the Rent, farce.....	6
148. Christmas Eve in the South, Eth. farce.....	6 2	71. In and Out, sketch.....	2
35. Coal Heaver's Revenge, Eth. sketch 6		123. Intelligence Office, Eth. sketch...	2 1
112. Coming Man, Eth. sketch, 2 scenes 3	1	33. Jealous Husband, Eth. sketch.....	2 1
41. Cremation, Eth. sketch, 2 scenes.. 8	1	44. Julius the Snooter, Eth. burlesque 3 scenes.....	6 1
144. Crowded Hotel (The), sketch	4 1	103. Katrina's Little Game, Dutch act. 1	2
140. Cupid's Frolics, sketch	5 1	1. Last of the Mohicans, Eth. sketch. 3	1
12. Daguerreotypes, Eth. sketch..... 3		36. Laughing Gas, Eth. sketch.....	6 1
53. Damon and Pythias, Eth. burlesque 2 scenes.....	5 1	161. Limekiln Club in an Uproar (The), Eth. farce.....	8 1
63. Darkey's Stratagem, Eth. sketch.. 3	1	18. Live Injun, Eth. sketch, 4 scenes. 4	1
131. Darkey Sleep Walker, Eth. sketch. 3	1	60. Lost Will (The), Eth. sketch.....	4
124. Deaf as a Post, Eth. sketch..... 2		37. Lucky Job, farce, 2 scenes	3 2
111. Deeds of Darkness, Eth. extra- ganza.....	6 1	90. Lunatic (The), Eth. farce.....	3
139. Desperate Situation, farce..... 5	2	109. Making a Hit, Eth. farce, 2 scenes. 4	
159. Dodging the Police, farce..... 6	3	19. Malicious Trespass, Eth. sketch...	3
157. Don't Get Weary, musical sketch. 1	1	149. 'Meriky, Eth. farce.....	3 1
50. Draft (The), Eth. sketch, 2 scenes. 6		151. Micky Free, Irish sketch.....	5
64. Dutchman's Ghost (The), sketch.. 4	1	96. Midnight Intruder, farce.....	6 1
95. Dutch Justice, Dutch sketch..... 11		147. Milliner's Shop, Eth. sketch.....	2
67. Editor's Troubles, farce..... 6		129. Moko Marionettes, Eth. eccentric- ity, 2 scenes.....	4 5
4. Eh? What is it? Eth. sketch..... 4 1		101. Molly Moriarty, Irish musical sketch.....	1 1
136. Election Day, Eth. farce, 2 scenes. 6	1	117. Motor Bellows, farce	4
98. Elopement (The), farce, 3 scenes... 4	1	158. Mr. Mikado, musical burlesque..	6 4
52. Excise Trials, Eth. sketch	10 1	44. Musical Servant, Eth. sketch.....	3
25. Fellow that Looks like Me, inter- lude.....	2 1	8. Mutton Trial, Eth. sketch, 2 sc.	4
		119. My Wife's Visitors, farce....	6 1

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CHARACTERS.

MR. PEMBERTON, President of the Empire Bank.
 HERBERT WELLS, alias Jim Parr, formerly cashier of the Empire Bank; at present a guide.
 CURTIS DUNBAR, a "truly good" young man.
 G. ELLIOTT BRAYTON, a sweet member of New York society.
 OLD OBADIAH SIGGINS, a farmer with an eye for business.
 YOUNG OBADIAH, his son.
 JACK ASHTON, of the New York *Daily Cyclone*.
 RAGGLES, a tramp.
 DICK PERCIVAL, a leading actor in the Bon Ton Theatre.
 DENNIS CLANCY, an all-around man.
 Toots, a negro cook.

TIME—The present day. PLACE—The Adirondacks in Northern New York.
 A few hours are supposed to intervene between the acts.

TIME IN PLAYING—ONE HOUR AND THIRTY MINUTES.

SCENE PLOT.

ACT I.—A forest glade in 5th grooves. Flat and wings all trees; tree borders and sinks; a rough table, made of two or three eight-foot planks, supported on boxes, extends from rear, c., toward R. 2 E.; set rocks up L. Sunlight effects.

ACT II.—Same as Act II., except that it is by moonlight. The table is removed, and a small tent is pitched at the rear, the flaps being open to the audience.

COSTUMES.

WELLS.—Woolen shirt, high boots, slouch hat, etc.
 BRAYTON.—Very "loud" outing costume. Long nightgown for last entrance.
 OLD OBADIAH.—Rough, ill-fitting suit.
 YOUNG OBADIAH.—Same. Trousers much too short.
 RAGGLES.—Tattered suit, but not too ragged.
 JACK, and the others.—Appropriate outing suits,

PROPERTIES.

(See also "Scene Plot" and "Costumes.")

ACT I.—Rough table; half a dozen camp stools; guns and fishing rods for the various characters; a bag of potatoes; tent, rolled up; walking stick and cigarettes

for BRAYTON; hamper or large basket of dishes, tin cups, plates, etc.; also canned goods, and various articles of food; large coffee-pot containing hair brush; flour to sprinkle Toots and BRAYTON; dagger for DUNBAR.

ACT II.—Tent; blankets; basket for YOUNG OBADIAH; cigarettes for BRAYTON; knife and pistol for DUNBAR, the pistol to have a sure firing blank cartridge; rope; nightgown for BRAYTON.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

R. means Right of Stage, facing the Audience; L. Left; C. Centre; R. C. Right of Centre; L. C. Left of Centre; D. F. Door in the Flat, or Scene running across the back of the Stage; C. D. F. Centre Door in the Flat; R. D. F. Right Door in the Flat; L. D. F. Left Door in the Flat; R. D. Right Door; L. D. Left Door; 1 E. First Entrance; 2 E. Second Entrance; U. E. Upper Entrance; 1, 2 or 3 G. First, Second or Third Groove.

R.

R. C.

C.

L. C.

L.

~~AS~~ The reader is supposed to be upon the stage, facing the audience.

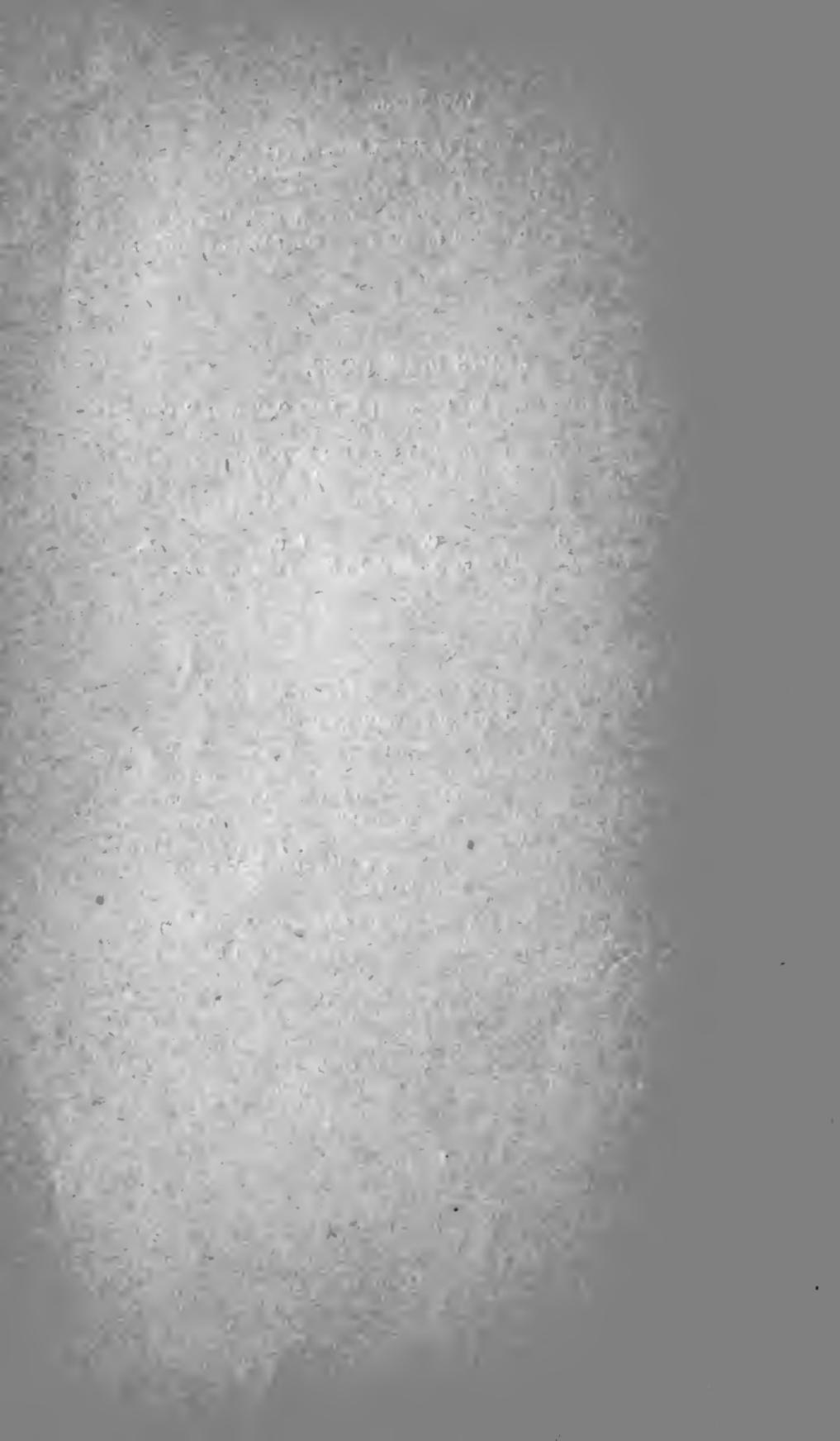
SYNOPSIS OF EVENTS FOR PROGRAMMES.

ACT I.—A CAMP IN THE WOODS.

“Play ball!”—Toots on his dignity—Ireland and Africa at war—Pemberton recalls the past—Herbert and Dunbar meet—The talkative farmer—Young Oby speaks a piece—The dude's recitation—Dinner!—Toots in trouble—A row—Dennis in his element—“That's a good wan! Paste him agin!”—A mussed-up dude—Queer coffee—The tramp's arrival—A flow of language—A song; new words to an old tune—Herbert's reflections—The tramp drops a hint—Dunbar's anger—The attempted murder—Herbert to the rescue—TABLEAU.

ACT II.—SCENE AS BEFORE, A FEW HOURS LATER. MOONLIGHT.

An evening song—Herbert's story—His suspicions—Dennis and the owl—A mad Irishman—A bloodless battle—More songs—Ghosts!—A frightened darkey—Brayton has an accident—The spoiled trousers—Young Oby's adventure with a cigarette—Dunbar's resolution—“I'll murder them both”—Dunbar overhears some plain talk—Herbert and Jack—“Good-night”—Herbert in danger—The midnight murder—A lucky arrival—Raggle unravels a mystery—Seeking vengeance—The shot—Capture—Brayton frightened—Squaring the account—FINALE.



VACATION.

ACT I.

SCENE.—*A glade in the forest. Flat shows trees. A table made of two rough boards about eight feet long, supported on boxes, extends diagonally at rear from c. to r. Set rocks up l. Full stage. At rise of curtain enter DICK and JACK, l. u. e., with camp chairs, guns, and a bag of potatoes.*

JACK. Here we are, Dick.

DICK. Think so?

JACK. Dead sure. You can drop the murphys.

DICK (*throwing down potatoes*). "For this relief much thanks."

JACK. Oh, hang Shakespeare!

DICK. Hang yourself! Here I've tramped forty miles or so through these confounded woods with that precious bag of potatoes on my back, and you giving me a song and dance every five minutes about its being only a step farther! (*goes up r.*)

JACK (*taking potato from bag*). You're a crank! Play ball! (*throws potato to DICK, who catches it*) One strike!

DICK (*returning it quickly*). Two strikes! (*JACK catches it and hurls it to DICK so that it flies out r. u. e.*)

TOOTS (*off r. u. e.*). Wow! Quit yo' foolin'.

JACK. Three strikes!

DICK (*looks r.*). No—it's a base hit.

Enter Toots, r. u. e.

TOOTS. Look heah, Misser Ashton, I 'low 'twasn't in de 'greement, no how, 'at I's gwine ter git my eye knocked outen wiv taters. No, sah! When in de co'se ob inhuman events I done come up heah ter cook fo' yo' gemmans, I know'd my libe ud be in dangah from wil' animals; but, gemmen—

JACK. Where did it hit you, Toots?

TOOTS. Done hit me in de head, sah.

DICK. Hurt much?

TOOT. Din hu't my head, but done hu't my feelin's pow'ful bad, an' I says—Wow!

DENNIS runs on, r. u. e., with tent rolled up in a bundle, which he carries on his head. Slips as he enters, and hits Toots in the back, knocking him down.

Look heah, white trash, can't yo' see nuffin'? (*JACK and DICK go up l.*)

DENNIS. Begorra, the woods were dark enough alriddy widout a black cloud loike yersilf stoppin' up the dayloight.

TOOTS. Ef yo' done dat a purpose—

DEN. I didn't—me fut slipped.

TOOTS. Dat's all right; but ef yo' had done dat a purpose—

DEN. Thin what if I had?

TOOTS (*lifts right foot*). I'd a done play'd my right bowah.

DEN. (*jumps up and slaps stage with hands*). Wud ye now? Come on, ye two-legg'd tar-bucket! ye perambulatin' coalbin! ye orang-outang's own cousin! (*slaps stage again*) Come on, till I knock yer two oyes inter wan! Give me wan swipe, yer—jist wan!

TOOTS. Huh! Frink I's scar'd o' yo'? Ise gotter rayzer, I has. Want me to use it—he?

DEN. Kape down yer hands—kape 'em down! Av ye make wan move ye'll foind yersilf spread all over the universal creation!

TOOTS. Quit yo' jabber. (*they meet c., faces close together.*)

DEN. Ah, naygur!

TOOTS. Yah, Irish!

DICK (*between them*). Stop your caterwauling, or I'll chuck you both into the lake.

DEN. That's all roight, but I don't take no guff from *that*.

JACK. Take this tent back by the bluff yonder, and then go after the others.

DEN. All roight, sor. (*goes r.*) Ah, naygur! [Exit, R. U. E.

TOOTS. I'd jes' dead likely ter carve dat man ef it warn't agin de law.

JACK. Go and carve some firewood. There's no law against that.

TOOTS (*going L.*). Yes, sah. Oh, Ise de peaceablest cullud gemman yo' ever see when I isn't mad. Yes, sah. [Exit, L. U. E.

DICK. Where are the others? I hope they're not lost.

JACK. No danger of that (*up L.*) Here's Pemberton and Dunbar.

DICK. I wonder what's become of the dudelet.

JACK. I dare say the guide has him.

Enter PEMBERTON and DUNBAR, L. U. E.

PEMBERTON. Well, boys! Is thls the camp?

JACK. This is where we dine—in good weather. Observe the mahogany—(*indicating table*) a design of my own. Yonder (*pointing r.*) is where we sleep.

PEM. And fight mosquitoes.

DICK. They won't trouble us.

PEM. Why not?

DICK. Because Brayton will be around with his cigarettes.

PEM. Ah, now I see why he was invited. (*sits L.*)

JACK. Great scheme, wasn't it? I saw him once at a tennis party out in Jersey. Everybody had two rackets—one for the ball, the other to kill mosquitoes. All but Brayton. He was calmly smoking cigarettes, and he thus killed a hundred to our one.

DICK. There, gentlemen, you see the awful results of making up the circulation reports of a daily newspaper.

JACK. It's the truth. I never lied but once, and that was when I called you an actor.

DICK. All right, my boy—I'll owe you one.

JYCK. Come on, then—let's go fishing.

DICK. Got any bait?

JACK. Yes, a quart of it.

DICK. Lead on, me lud. Me soul's in arms—

JACK. Oh, rats! Come off!

[They exit, R.

DUNBAR. Hunph! An actor and a reporter. They are well matched.

PEM. Now, Curtis, don't be gumpy. I like to see young men enjoy themselves. (*sits*.)

DUN. So do I—in a rational manner; but I have no patience with clowns.

PEM. My dear fellow, your cast-iron morality has made you a melancholy Jacques. Get rid of it here in the woods. Throw care aside, forget the rigors of Wall street, and let the bright sunshine thaw you out. If you don't, when you reach my age you will be another Scrooge, icing your office in the dog days.

DUN. My dear friend, you know that I am opposed to levity in any form.

PEM. Yes—and I have often remarked that it is something unusual in a young man.

DUN. Would you have your cashier a hale fellow well met? Do you want another Herbert Wells in a position of trust?

PEM. (*affected*). There, there, don't speak of him. (*turns away*.)

DUN. (*aside, sneeringly*). A mighty tender subject for the old boy!

PEM. Two years have passed since that wretched day when Herbert stood before me self-convicted. I might have forgiven the dishonesty, but the ingratitude—the ingratitude of the boy whom I loved as a son! (*rises and goes up c.*)

DUN. It's the way of the world.

PEM. (*hotly*). No, sir! You are wrong there, for I was partially at fault. He said he could explain—he would have explained, but I refused to listen.

DUN. And you did right. He admitted that he was a thief; no words could disprove that.

PEM. But I should have heard him; I was entirely too severe.

DUN. Pardon me, sir, but I think you were entirely too lenient; you let him go free instead of jailing him.

PEM. You begged me to do so.

DUN. True enough; but I was younger then, and my sympathies ran away with my sense.

PEM. And the sympathy never came back.

DUN. No, for I look at the matter now in a logical way. A culprit, knowing the penalty of a broken law, should receive it. Leniency in such a case is a premium on crime. Law breakers must be punished, or there would soon be an end to all security. Men are all dishonest to a greater or less degree. Men steal money, authors steal ideas, and even some ministers are not wholly original in their sermons.

PEM. You think all men are rascals?

DUN. All men would be if tempted far enough.

PEM. Your croaking is enough to drive a man to suicide.

DUN. Then, to change the subject, what do you think of our guide?

PEM. I hardly noticed him. He was not in our boat, you know. Why do you ask?

DUN. (*carelessly*). Oh, for nothing in particular. (*down R.*)

PEM. (C.). Here he comes with Brayton.

DUN. A word. (PEMBERTON comes R.) Take a good look at him.

Enter HERBERT and BRAYTON, L. U. E.

HERBERT. Here you are, safe and sound.

BRAYTON. Aw—yaas. Thanks, awfully.

HERB. Want any more help?

BRAY. I caun't think of anything—er—aw yaas—you might polish up my shoes, don't cherknow?

HERB. No, I don't know. Do I look like a bootblack?

BRAY. Weally I—I meant no offence.

HERB. Exactly; but in future be careful who you ask to black your shoes, or you may get your nose polished instead. (*goes up c.*)

BRAY. (*L., aside*). Oh deah! I don't half like this. I'd much wather be at home.

[*Exit, L.*]

DUN. Do you recognize him?

PEM. He looks like—Good heavens! can it be—

DUN. Herbert Wells? I think so. I'll find out.

HERB. (*down c.*). How do you like the camp, gentlemen?

DUN. Very much indeed, Mr.—what may I call you?

HERB. Whatever you please. I'm usually called Jim, without any Mister.

DUN. Jim?

HERB. That's it—J-i-m. Easy to spell, and not hard to pronounce.

DUN. I am glad you have told me; otherwise I might have made the mistake of calling you Herbert Wells.

HERB. I should make no mistake whatever in calling you Paul Pry.

DUN. Don't be impertinent, fellow.

HERB. Impertinent? Why, are *you* superior to anybody?

DUN. I'm superior to a thief.

HERB. (*raising fist*). You cur! I'll—

PEM. (*between them*). Gentlemen! No quarreling here.

HERB. I'll not quarrel. But the man who calls Jim Parr a thief must eat his words or get hurt.

DUN. If you are not Herbert Wells I apologize.

HERB. Then we'll drop it. But after this be sure you make no such mistakes. (*to PEMBERTON*) Would you like to try a shot, sir? I heard a partridge drumming down by the lake.

PEM. I'll join you with pleasure.

HERB. This way, then. Clancy has the guns. [*They exit, r.*]

DUN. (*watching them*). Jim Parr, eh? Here's richness. If that fellow isn't Herbert Wells, then I'm asleep. At all events, I've made him deny his identity, so that he and old Pemberton will not come to an understanding; otherwise it would be devilish awkward for me. Stuff! He's too proud to talk of it, and old Pemberton is such a blind fool that he thinks me a saint—just a little too good, perhaps, for this wicked world. That cursed Raggles is safe behind the bars, so what have I to fear? (*L.*) Nothing, my dear fellow, just nothing at all.

[*Exit, L.*]

Enter JACK and DICK, r.

DICK. It's an outrageous swindle!

JACK. It's nothing of the sort. Can you expect any self-respecting fish to bite when a wild-eyed lunatic is thrashing the water with his pole, trying to upset the boat, and using language full of brimstone? No, sir. Fish are sensitive creatures, and when you try to catch them with clubs or bad words, you are sure to get left.

DICK. Well, I hooked a big one, anyway.

JACK. And of course it got away; the big ones always do.

Enter OLD OBADIAH, L.

OLD OBADIAH. How d' do, folks? Be you the campers?

DICK. We be. Don't you see a sort of distressed look about us—myself especially?

OLD O. Wal, I dunno but what you do look sorter peakid. Ain't sick ner nothin', be you?

DICK. Yes, I'm very sick—of camp life.

OLD O. I want ter know? Now, it war jest this mornin' I sez to young Obadiah—that's my son, named arter me. Yer see, I'm Obadiah Siggins—got a shack an' a little clearin' crost ther lake, whar I raise garden truck and sech. Bein' ef you want any, I kin let you have some at reg'lar rates. An' as fer bread now, my wife—she that was Almiry Jones—kin beat the Dntch at bakin'; allus tuck fust prize at ther county fair, though Deacon Higgins' darter Sally—she that married a tin peddler, an' got killed by a runaway hoss—uster gin her a clus rub. An' aigs, too, 'though they *du* come ruther high; but law, I s'pose you city folks'll hev 'em anyhow, as my wife sez ter me this mornin'; she sez, sez she, "Obadiah," sez she—

JACK. I beg your pardon, Mr. Siggins, but some time ago—along in the glacial period—you were about telling me what you said to young Obadiah. Would it be too much trouble to go back and report that memorable conversation? Perhaps your burning words may find a place in the *Daily Cyclone*.

OLD O. Shoo now! Be you the editor of the *Cyclone*, an' do you write all the things in it?

DICK. Oh, certainly. He writes all the *things*.

OLD O. Wal, wal, wal. An' what's *your* bisness?

DICK. The stage.

OLD O. I wanter know! Gee! I uster drive a stage myself.

DICK. You don't quite catch the idea. I mean the theatrical stage.

OLD O. Shucks! You ain't a play actor, be you?

JACK. The public may be in doubt on the subject, but *he* is not.

OLD O. Not an actor?

DICK. Not in doubt.

OLD O. Then you *be* an actor. Say, you're jest the feller I wanter see an' hev a talk with. You see, young Obadiah—that's my son—he's dead sot on bein' a play actor. He war over ter town onct an' seen a show erbout Uncle Tom's Cabin. Ever hearn tell of it?

JACK. The name sounds familiar. I think Dick played *Tom* once, didn't you, Dick?—or was it *Little Eva*? (DICK shakes his fist at him.)

OLD O. An' then he read 'n a paper 'bout how much a actor named Booth makes. (*to Dick*) Maybe you've seen him.

DICK. Rather.

OLD O. You ain't him, be you?

JACK (*aside*). Oh lord!

OLD O. Anyhow, he's jest sot crazy ter act, an' I s'pose he kin du it ez good's anybody. 'Tain't very hard, I guess.

JACK. No, it's not hard on the actor, but sometimes it's very hard on the audience.

Enter YOUNG OBADIAH, L.

YOUNG O. Say, pa, ain't you 'most ready ter go hum?

OLD O. Come here, Oby. Now, I've ben a tellin' these here city fellers 'bout your wantin' ter be a play actor. Now, mebby it ud be a good idee ter speak that piece fer 'em wot you larned out ter a paper.

YOUNG O. I don't want ter. (*twists about bashfully*.)

OLD O. Oh shucks! Yes you du. Come now, toe the mark.

YOUNG O. Hain't no mark ter toe.

OLD O. Then toe the place where the mark orter be.

YOUNG O. (*toes the mark, bows awkwardly, and speaks the following verses in a droning, schoolboy manner. Stands first on one foot, then on the other; twists about; looks down for a while, then looks up; gesticulates clumsily, sometimes at the beginning, and sometimes at the end of a line; draws back of hand across nostrils occasionally. This recitation can be made very funny with practice.*)

At midnight 'n his guarded tent

The Turk uz dreamin' uv the hour

When Greece er knee 'n supplunce bent,

Should tremble at his power.

An hour passed on—the Turk awoke—

That bright dream was his last.

He woke to hear the sentry shriek

To arms ! They come ! The Greek ! The Greek !

He woke ter die mid flame 'n smoke.

An' shout, (*pauses*) an' shout—an' all that sort o' thing.
(then, confidently)

Strike—till the last armed foe expires!

Strike—for your altars *and* your fires !

Strike—for the green graves of your sires,

God 'n your native land ! (*last line very rapidly.*)

OLD O. Thar, now ! Ever see anything like that afore ?

JACK. Never !

OLD O. Hain't he got the makin' of an unusual acter ?

DICK. Doubtless.

Enter BRAYTON, L.

BRAY. Unusual ? Bah Jove ! Wichard, you must take him to New York, don't cher know, don't cher see, foh he'd be funnier, don't cher understand, than a whole cage of monkeys. (*stares at YOUNG OBADIAH, and pokes cane at him.*)

OLD O. Great fishhooks ! Air it alive ?

YOUNG O. Say, pa, he's laffin' at me. Can't you make him stop ?

OLD O. You let him alone, you dumb fool ! Mad, ain't you, 'cause you can't speak like him ? Let's see you try.

BRAY. Great Scott !

DICK. Make him speak.

JACK. Or sing.

YOUNG O. (*laughing*). Haw, haw, haw ! Kin he sing ? He looks like a bird, don't he, pa ?

BRAY. (*angrily*). I'll bweak my walking stick ovah youah head !

OLD O. No you won't, sonny, 'cause then I'd break your head. Go on, speak your piece.

BRAY. (*aside*). I'll just show this wustic that I can speak. (*aloud*) All wight. (*comes down c., stands straight as a ramrod, and speaks rapidly, without gesture, and without letting his voice fall.*)

Half a league, half a league,

Half a league onward;

All in the Valley of Death,

Wode the Six Hundred.

"Forward the Light Brigade,

Charge foh the guns," he said;

Into the Valley of Death

Wode the Six Hundred.

Cannon to wight of them,
 Cannon to left of them,
 Cannon to front of them,
 Volleyed and thundered;
 Stormed at with shot and shell,
 Boldly they wode, and well;
 Into the jaws of death,
 Into the mouth of—well, no mattah—
 Wode the Six Hundred.

Then they wode back, but not

Not the Six Hundred. (*during this recitation the others have quietly left the stage, going off R. and L.*) Of cowse not, foh there is only Four Hundred now. I daw say the otha two hundred have been dwopped out. (*looks around*) Hello! Everybody has dwopped out. (*goes up.*)

Enter Toots, L. U. E., with hamper of dishes, etc.

TOOTS. Come, sah, hump yo'self, hump yo'self.

BRAY. Are you addwessing me?

TOOTS. Co'se I is, co'se I is. Ever'body wuks in de woods. Heah, help sot de table. (*puts dishes, knives, forks, etc., into BRAYTON's hands, always having something ready as he turns away from table.*)

BRAY. Oh deah! What if some of the deah boys should see me? I'd be wuined for life. This is dweadful!

TOOTS. You's doin' quite well, sah, quite well. Ef you had a few yeahs' practice you'd make a tol'ble waitah, sah. (*BRAYTON drops a plate*) Hey! Dat won't do. Hab to take dat outen you pay, sah.

BRAY. Blarst it! Don't talk as if I were a waitah.

TOOTS (*bangs on tin pan*). Dinnah! Dinnah! Dinnah! Come along, ef you please, sah, an' help me fatch de grub. [*Exeunt, L. U. E.*]

Enter DICK and JACK, R. DUNBAR, L.

JACK. Hello, Dunbar! Is your royal liver getting into working order?

DUN. (*surlily*). My liver is all right, thank you.

JACK. Then it must be that your conscience is troubling you. (*DUNBAR turns away impatiently*) No, it can't be that, for you bankers haven't any.

DICK. Not when you want to borrow money—I'll swear to that. (*Toots brings in hamper of food and exits.*)

DUN. I believe that I am in my usual health; if not, I know where to seek proper advice.

JACK (*aside*). What a bear!

Enter PEMBERTON and HERBERT, R.

PEM. Did anybody say dinner?

JACK. Yes sir. Just imagine yourself at the Café Savarin—if you can.

DICK. Oh, give us something easy.

PEM. Well, "fall in," everybody. (*they gather about the table.*)

JACK. Toots!

ALL (*in succession*). Toots! Toots! T-o-o-t-s!

TOOTS (*off L.*). Yes sah!

DEN. (*off L.*). Come, naygur, git a move on yez.

BRAY. (*off L.*). Murdah ! Murdah ! You black wetch !

DEN. (*off L.*). Paste him in the jaw ! Give it to him !

PEM. What's all this ?

DEN. (*off L.*). That's a good wan—hit 'im agin !

TOOTS (*off L.*). Wow ! Stop you' foolin' !

Enter BRAYTON and Toots, L. Both are covered with flour, especially about the face.

TOOTS. Ise gwine ter hab de law on him.

DICK. Been fighting, Brayton ?

DUN. This is really disgraceful.

BRAY. Yaas, isn't it ? I'm going wight staight home.

JACK. Have some dinner first. Go and wash your face, Toots, and send Clancy with the coffee.

TOOTS. Yes sah. (*going L., aside*) 'Tween dat ar Irishman an' dat ar dude dis yere chile am jes erbout sick ob livin'. [Exit, L.

DICK. Fire the salmon over here.

JACK. All right. (*takes package from hamper and tosses it to DICK*) Cut the string.

DICK (*opens package*). Moses ! These are earth worms, 'confound you ! (*throws package aside.*)

JACK. It's all the same. The fish eat 'em, and you eat the fish. What's the difference ?

Enter DENNIS, L., with large coffee-pot. The others, meanwhile, have been eating during foregoing conversation. DENNIS fills cups.

BRAY. Aw, I say, Mr. Guide, are there weally any wild animals heah in the woods ?

HERB. Plenty of them.

BRAY. Whát would you do if you should see—aw—a bear, for instance ?

HERB. It would depend upon what the bear did.

DUN. And supposing you were to meet a rascal here, what then ?

HERB. What then ? Why, (*with meaning*) I should drop everything, look him straight in the face, and ask him if he expects to keep out of jail much longer.

BRAY. (*choking*). Ug—ug !

PEM. What's the matter ?

JACK. Pound him on the back !

DICK. Roll him on a log !

DEN. Polace !

HERB. Slap his back. (*JACK and DICK do so.*)

BRAY. (*relieved*). All wight, all wight. Quit now. This is no slugging match.. Bah Jove ! You fellahs are twyng to do me up I weckon.

DEN. Thare ! That's all the thanks we get fer savin' yer loife. I'd rather go an' quarrel with the naygur than hear a dude gabble.

[Exit, L.

PEM. This coffee doesn't taste just right.

DUN. Nor mine.

ALL (*after sipping*). Nor mine.

HERB. Let's see what's wrong. (*opens coffee-pot and pulls out large hair brush*) A hair brush ! Whose is it ?

BRAY. Aw, yaas—it's mine. I was wondering what had become of it.

DICK (*after a pause, quietly*). Mr. Brayton, would you not like to go away somewhere and stop breathing for a year or two?

BRAY. Pewaps you think I made the coffee; but weally I didn't.

PEM. Curtis, let's have a shy at some of the lake trout.

DUN. All right. (*to PEMBERTON*) I'd like to use a club on that bull-head!

[*Exit with PEMBERTON, R.*

BRAY. He looked weal savage. I wonder if he was talking about nie.

OLD O. (*off L. U. E.*). I guess you had better get out.

YOUNG O. Make him go, pa, make him go.

OLD O. Jest what I will.

Enter RAGGLES and the OBADIAHS, L. U. E.

RAGGLES. My dear sir, pray do not get excited. The weather is warm, and any undue excitement might cause a rush of blood to the head, which might prove fatal. See?

OLD O. Wal, ef I war runnin' this here camp thar'd be a rush o' feet to your coat-tails.

HERB. What's the trouble here?

YOUNG O. Ye see, pa an' me wus goin' hum, an' we met this here tramp, an' he war sassy, an' pa war goin' ter giv him a lickin', an' he throw'd pa ther fust grab, an' so we'cluded we'd better come up an' tell you folks 'bout it, an' the ole tramp come right along, sayin' as how he'd jes as much right here 'n the woods as anybody.

OLD O. (*speaking at same time*). Hain't ben no trouble 'cept 'at that air sassy tramp's ben givin' me some slack talk, which I ain't goin' ter stan' from nobody, leastways from sech a good-fer-nothin' 's he is, an' ef you don't want ter be stole blind you'll fire him out 'n a hurry.

RAG. (*speaking at same time*). These agricultural members of serciety are all right in their way, but not bein' accustomed ter mixin' with the real simon pure blue blood gentlemen like us, they're apt ter be sorter conspikerous, an' the ole yap tuk me fer a jay, an' tackled in an' landed on his head kinder permiskus.

(Note.—*The three foregoing speeches must be delivered in unison and very rapidly.*)

OLD O. (*loudly*). Shet up!

RAG. (*to YOUNG O.*). Young man, how d' you s'pose we gentlemen 's goin' to talk with you a-flingin' in yer song an' dance all ther while?

BRAY. Say, fellah, we don't want you awound here, don't you know? (*RAGGLES takes a step toward him*) Go 'way, you fellah, go 'way now. (*retreats*) You're not at all nice.

RAG. I'll be jiggered If it ain't alive!

JACK. What do you want anyhow?

RAG. Grub.

DICK. Give him some of that coffee.

HERB. Don't; it would kill him. (*to RAGGLES*) If you're hungry, sail in. Nobody can go hungry in this camp.

RAG. Thank you, squire. (*aside*) That face! Can it be that I have found him at last? (*goes to table and eats.*)

DICK. Let's have a song.

JACK. Fire away.

RAG. 'Scuse me, gentlemen, but if you're agoin' to indulge in "Comrades" er "Anne Rooney," would you mind holdin' off until I kin gather up some grub and escape.

DICK. Stir at your peril!

CHORUS. AIR.—“*When Johnnie Comes Marching Home.*”

SONG.

This camping out is jolly fun,
You bet, you bet!
There's sport with rod, there's sport with gun,
You bet, you bet!
Our play is work, our work is play,
We sleep all night and we loaf all day,
And we live—like—lords—when camping out,
You bet!

From all set forms we have cut loose,
You bet, you bet!
Our heads are out of the social noose,
You bet, you bet!
There's none to bother, no trouble comes,
We wear old clothes, and we look like bums,
For we don't—care—a rap—when camping out,
You bet!

Then cry hurrah for a woodman's life,
You bet, you bet!
Far from the city's noisy strife,
You bet, you bet!
We're in for fun, we're out for a lark,
We'll “whoop'er up” from dawn till dark,
For we feel—like—boys—when camping out,
You bet!

(*At conclusion of song all exit, R. and L., except HERBERT, who remains seated.*)

HERB. How strangely fate decides the current of our lives. To-day we are prosperous and happy; the sky is cloudless, and the future seems full of joyous hope. To-morrow the storm clouds gather, the sky is overcast, and the chill winds of adversity sweep away both fame and fortune. That one act of mine, so harmless in itself, blighted all my prospects, and sent me adrift in the world to begin the struggle of life anew, and that, too, while bearing the stigma of a tarnished name. Yet I was contented enough here in the woods until my ill luck brought Pemberton and that double-faced Dunbar here to spy me out. But who knows—it may be for the best. A few words of explanation would show Mr. Pemberton that I never wronged him in the least. But, (*despondently*) would he believe me? Alas, no. A name once tarnished can never be cleared.

RAG. (*who has entered, L. U. E., during the above*). Don't be too certain of that, old boy.

HERB. (*rising*). Who are you?

RAG. Nobody in pertickler. I'm a tramp, an' my name's Raggles. You might call me Rags fer short, 'cause that would suit my present wearin' apparel plumb bang.

HERB. I don't know you.

RAG. P'raps not. I ain't a very purty sight, but I'm a blame sight better'n I look.

HERB. (*looking at him closely*). I've seen you before.

RAG. I know it; but never mind that. I know you, Herbert Wells.

HERB. Hush, man!

RAG. It's all right, old fellow. You've treated me like a man to-day, an' I ain't one to forget it. I can do you a good turn, an' hang me ef I don't.

HERB. What do you mean?

RAG. Keep mum! Some one's comin'!

Enter DUNBAR, R.

DUN. (*aside*). Raggles here? Confound the fellow! (*HERBERT goes up c.*)

RAG. (*to DUNBAR*). Howdy do, boss?

DUN. You infernal tramp! What are you doing here?

RAG. Enjoyin' me summer's outin'! Yer see, boss, it's just like this: I sez to my friend Jay Gould t'other day, sez I, "Jay," sez I, "we's workin' too blame hard. We orter take a vacation." He agreed as how I was right, an' begun ter jolly me up 'bout takin' a trip on his yacht, but I'm sorter leary 'bout goin' on ther water, an' so—

DUN. You infernal scoundrel! Be off now, or I'll beat you out of the camp.

RAG. Better not try that, Mister man, er you may git a push in the face.

DUN. You cur! Do you threaten me? Then I'll give you a taste of this! (*draws knife and rushes at RAGGLES*.)

HERB. (*rushes down and catches DUNAR's wrist*). Will you though?

DUN. (*in pain*). Oh! (*drops knife*.)

HERB. You contemptible coward! If you were half fit to die, I'd wring your miserable neck. (*hurls him down*.)

QUICK CURTAIN.

ACT II.

SCENE.—*The same, except that a small tent is pitched at the rear, where the table stood, the flaps being open to the audience. Moonlight.* JACK, DICK, PEMBERTON, and BRAYTON are gathered about, singing. AIR—“Come, Send Round the Wine.”

NOTE.—If any one objects to MOORE's song, any popular air may be substituted.

Come, send round the wine, and leave points of belief.

To simpleton sages and reasoning fools;

This moment's a flower too fair and too brief

To be withered and stained by the dust of the schools.

Your glass may be purple and mine may be blue,

But while they are filled from the same bright bowl,

The fool that would quarrel for difference of hue.

Deserves not the comfort they shed o'er the soul.

Shall I ask the brave soldier who fights by my side,

In the cause of mankind, if our creeds agree?

Shall I give up the friend I have valued and tried,

If he kneel not before the same altar with me?

From the heretic girl of my soul should I fly
 To seek somewhere else a more orthodox kiss ?
 No—perish the hearts and the laws that try
 Truth, valor, and love by a standard like this.

JACK. What a difference there is between a song in town and a rollicking chorus in the woods.

DICK. Certainly there is. If you were to howl in town as you do here you'd be run in.

BRAY. I sang once, and I wasn't wun in.

JACK. How did you escape ?

DICK. He didn't—but his listeners did.

PEM. I wonder what has become of Dunbar ?

BRAY. I weckon he's cut and wun.

PEM. Run where ?

BRAY. Caun't say. Only I thought he and the guide and the twamp were having a wumpus, don't you know, and I saw him go away in one diwrection and the twamp in another.

PEM. Which way did he go ?

BRAY. Ovah toward the wustic's house—that wude old farmer, don't you know,

PEM. You say they were quarreling ?

BRAY. No, they were only having a wumpus. The guide was choking Dunbar, don't you know; that's all. I'm positive they were not quarreling.

PEM. I must look into this. Come, Brayton, take a walk with me.
(up L.)

BRAY. Yaas—if it isn't vewy far. (goes up.)

PEM. Just far enough to give you an appetite for sleep.

[They exit, L.]

DICK. So Dunbar has been having a row.

JACK. And getting choked.

DICK. Served him right, no doubt.

JACK. I dare say. That guide is a man who will stand no nonsense, and Dunbar would provoke an angel.

DICK. You are right. He has often provoked me. Now don't have a fit. I'm no angel.

JACK. I should say not, the way you played the Devil in "Faust" last winter.

DICK. I ought to have played it well, the way I was "roasted" in your confounded paper.

JACK. Stop your growling. Let's have a look at our tent. I suppose the guide sleeps here. I should like to know the reason for his row with Dunbar.

DICK (looks r.). Then find out. Here he comes. I'll vanish.

[Exit, R. JACK goes up.

Enter HERBERT, L.

JACK. Good-evening, Jim.

HERB. Good-evening.

JACK. You look worried, old fellow. Anything wrong ?

HERB. Yes.

JACK. Can I be of any service ?

HERB. You might—and yet, why should I trouble you with my affairs?

JACK. Why ? Because we are friends, and if that prig of a Dunbar has anything to do with it, I shall be only too glad to help you.

HERB. Then I will tell you. (*they sit*) I am not Jim Parr. My real name is Herbert Wells, and I was formerly cashier of the Empire Bank in New York. Something over two years ago my father was forced to pay a note which he had endorsed for a so-called friend. The note was a heavy one, and it swept away all his little property. Even his home would have gone had I not sent him enough to wipe out the debt.

JACK. That was generous.

HERB. No, it was wrong. For to do it I was obliged to overdraw my salary to the extent of five hundred dollars. Mr. Pemberton—the President of the bank—was away at the time, but I knew he would not object, as my salary would soon have balanced the amount. But imagine my surprise on his return to be called into his private office and discharged without warning—to be called a thief, and allowed no chance to explain.

JACK. It was an infernal shame.

HERB. I never could understand it. I had charged myself with the amount, and although I had no right to overdraw my salary, yet the amount was comparatively so small that I am satisfied there is something back of it all.

JACK. And Dunbar?

HERB. He was a teller in the bank at the time; now he occupies my old position.

JACK. Do you suppose he had anything to do with it?

HERB. I think he had, and yet I have no proof. I only know that I saw him come sneaking out of the President's room that morning just before I was sent for, and I remember the evil smirk on his face as I passed him.

JACK. Was he your enemy?

HERB. He is an envious cur, and would drag down any man who is above him; yet he conceals his real sentiments under an air of piety which is highly effective.

JACK. I have observed that. But what caused your quarrel to-day?

HERB. His vicious temper got away with him, and he was about to assault that poor wretch of a tramp, when I shut off his wind.

JACK. Good enough. But it must be that he knows you.

HERB. Very likely; and that, no doubt, is why he left the camp. I think that Pemberton also recognizes me, but I am not sure. I have changed greatly during the last two years.

JACK. Why not have an understanding with the old gentleman?

HERB. (*springing up*). What! Get down on my knees to the man who called me a thief! No indeed! I'll rot here in the woods first! (*crosses*.)

JACK. I admire your pluck. Still, a few words might put everything straight.

HERB. This fellow Raggles knows my name, and seems to know something about the matter.

JACK. Where is he?

HERB. He disappeared immediately after the fracas.

JACK. Let's take a walk. Perhaps we may stumble on him.

HERB. All right; but remember, Jack, I've told you this wretched story in confidence. (*they go R.*)

JACK. You may depend on me, Herbert. I know I talk as much as the law allows, but I am able to hold my chattering tongue on a pinch.

[*They exeunt, R.*

DEN. (*off L.*). Hooray! Hooray! (*enters L.*) Begorra, it's here I am at last. An', by the ghost of Molly Connor's cat, I'm that tired enough

to drop dead standin' up; so I am. I got lost in the woods. I couldn't foind me way from nowhere to onywhere. The nearer home I got the farther away I wint, an' by an' by I got to where I wasn't onywhere at all at all. Thin I stopped an' stood still widout movin', an' put me two hands forinst me lips an' cried out, "Hello! I'm lost in the woods!" Thin from somewhere a voice sez, "Who? Who?" sez he. An' sez I, "Dinny Clancy!" sez I. "Who? Who?" sez he. "Dinny Clancy!" sez I, a bit louder, for I thought he might be hard o' hearin'. He made no anwer to that, so afther a whoile I sang out louder thin iver, (*hands to his face as before*) Hello-o-o! I'm lost!" "Who? Who?" sez he. "Dinny Clancy, ye ould fool, the son o' Pat Clancy!" "Who-o? Who-o-o? Who-o-o-o!" "Put Clancy, av Ballymahon, who married Bridget O'Hannahan, ye thafe, who lived wid her brother Mike!" "Who? Who-o-o?" (*pauses, look around, spits on his hands, and says very distinctly*) "Michael O'Hannahan, the, best man in ould Ireland barrin' John L. Sullivan o' Boston, an' av ye say another word, ye dirthy Chinase naygur, I'll make ye think ye're struck by lightning, loike the widdy Murphy's cow!" "Who? Who? Who-o-o-o?" I niver said another thing, but I got me a bit av a sthick, an' thramped all over the woods luckin' fer him till I found meself here, which is luck fer me an' bad luck fer him wid his "who, who, who-ing."

Enter Toots, L.

Toots. Say—wish yo'd stop yo' jabber. How yo' spects a gemman's wine ter sleep wid yo' jaw floppin' like dat?

DEN. Naygur, I'm mad.

Toots. Dat's nuffin new.

DEN. I'm bileing mad.

Toots. What de debbil I car' ef yo' is?

DEN. I'm spilin' fer a foight.

Toots. Oh, go fight yo'self.

DEN. No impidence, naygur, or I'll spile yer beauty.

Toots. Spile nuffin. Yo's talkin' in front ob yo' face.

DEN. Ah, naygur!

Toots. Ah, Irish! (*they clinch, but do not strike.*)

DEN. (*as they break away*). All roight, naygur. Yer color protects yez.¹

Toots. P'raps it do, an' Ise jes sartin suah dat yo's perfects *you*.

DEN. Say, Toots, what air yez goin' ter do till bedtoime?

Toots. Nuffin es I knows ob.

DEN. Let's have a song.

Toots. Kerrect. What yo' want ter sing?

DEN. (*sings*).

Me father an' mother wor Irish,
Me father an' mother wor Irish,
Me father an' mother wor Irish,
An' I am Irish too.

Toots. Well, dat lets me out. I isn't ob de right sort o' complexion ter sing dat song.

DEN. How's this thin? (*sings. Air—“Mulligan's Guards.”*)

Shoulder arms an' forward march away,
From Baxter strate way up Avanoo A;
The fife an' drum they swately play

As we march, march, march, march in the Mulligan Guards.

Toots. Wuss 'n wuss, Does I look like a Mulligan Guarder?

DEN. Yer moighty hard to suit. S'pose ye thry.
 Toots. How's dis? (*sings.*)

De noble order ob Full Moons,
 Descendants from ole Ham,
 Recognize dar bredren by de secret word—bazam!
 Dressed in full regalia,
 Hibernians, gib us room;
 Stand aside, cl'ar de track fo' de order ob Full Moons.

DEN. (*disgusted*). Ah, git out. Indade I'll sing no naygur song loike that.

Toots. Den let's try de "Two Orphans."

Both (*sing.*) *Air*—"Only a Pansy Blossom."

Oh-h-h-h! We're a couple of poor little orphans,
 Widowers too, you see;
 Our wives got weary and shook us,
 Leaving us both quite free.
 We're gentle and kind as a bulldog
 That sleeps 'neath the evening stars,
 And we will stand without tying,
 And we're not afraid of the cars.

Oh-h-h-h-h! We're a couple of poor little orphans,
 Wandering here alone,
 Never a person to love us,
 No one to welcome us home.
 Our faces would hold up a freight train,
 Our voices would stop a clock;
 We're looking for work without labor,
 Like shoveling fog off a dock.

DEN. I say, Toots, air ye 'fraid o' ghosts?

Toots. No, sah. Nebber was no ghost could scar' dis chile. What fo' yo' explaterate dat question, huh?

DEN. (*carelessly*). I jist wanted to know, that's all.

Toots (*nervously*). Wha'—wha'—wha' fo' yo' done bring up dat ar question fo' den? I ain't scar'd ob no ghost, cose I ain't, (*looks over left shoulder*) nebber was nohow, (*looks over right shoulder*) b-b-but I don't like ter talk erbout 'em.

DEN. Ye wouldn't be done up now av ye saw wan?

Toots. Hey? (*looks around quickly*) No, sah. (*boldly*) Dar nebber was no such fing as a ghost nohow, an' ef I done seed one I'd haul right off an' say—

DEN. (*suddenly*). What's that behind ye?

Toors (*falls on his knees with clasped hands.*) Oh, Mr. Ghost, I didn't mean it, I didn't mean it—'deed I didn't. Don't hu't me, please don't! I'll done gib yo' er dollah en a half ef yo' let me go! (*DENNIS grabs him by the shoulder and shakes him*) Wow! Wow! Wow! (*DENNIS pushes him down and runs off*) Oh! I's killed, I's killed! I's—(*looks around, then joyfully*) He, he! I's all right. (*rises*) Nebber wus 'fraid ob ghosts nohow! Reckon dey's got de Irishman. Dat ghost know'd better 'n to tackle dis yere chile. He know'd he git hurted ef he fooled roun' me. Yes, sah!

[*Exit, L.*]

Enter PEMBERTON and OLD OBADIAH, L., followed by BRAYTON and YOUNG OBADIAH, who carries small basket.

PEM. And you have seen nothing of him?

OLD O. Nary a sign. You, Oby ! Be keerful o' them aigs.

YOUNG O. I be, pa.

OLD O. I thought as how you folks might want some aigs fer breakfast ter-morrer, an' so I had Oby put a couple o' dozen inter a basket, an' seein' it's you I won't charge you only six shillings fer 'em, an'—

PEM. Confound your eggs! I want to know what has become of Dunbar. (BRAYTON *lights cigarette*.)

OLD O. Wal, we ain't seen him, that's flat. An' I guess I wouldn't be over muchly riled up about him, fer he's a pesky mean critter, I take it.

PEM. Brayton says he saw the guide choke him.

OLD O. Wal, you can bet yer butes he deserved it er Jim wouldn't a done it. (BRAYTON *gives* YOUNG OBADIAH a cigarette; *both smoke*.)

PEM. What do you know about this guide?

OLD O. I know he's es squar a man es you'll find in this here neck o' ther woods. Nuthin' sly ner sneakin' 'bout Jim—which I can't say es much fer t'other feller. (*sniffs*) What's burnin'? (*sniffs*) Smells mighty dead like, whatever 'tis. (*looks around and sees the others smoking*) Young Obadiah Siggins! (*rushes up, gives BRAYTON a push, who falls into basket, grasps YOUNG OBADIAH by the collar and shakes him*.)

BRAY. Murdah ! Murdah !

YOUNG O. Don't, pa, (*limply*) I'm gittin' sick.

OLD O. I'll sicken ye. Smokin' them things, be yer? (*shake*) Want ter be a dood, eh? (*shake*) Want ter wear big pants an' a leetle hat, eh? eh? (*shake*) eh?

YOUNG O. (*weakly*). Don't, pa, I'm—ic—ic—I'm awful sick! (*hands to stomach, staggers off L.*)

BRAY. (*still down*). Oh deah! [PEMBERTON *exits, L. U. E.*]

OLD O. Thet's your doin's, mister. Six shillin's wuth o' aigs gone ter smash, an' you've got ter pay fer 'em, tu.

BRAY. Yaas; but who'll pay foh me trousers, don't you know? They're ruined by your beastly old eggs. (*rises*.)

OLD O. Don't you 'buse them aigs. They ain't so very old, though p'raps they ain' so fresh es you be.

BRAY. (*looking up R.*). You're a wude old man, and I decline to hold any intercourse with you. (OLD OBADIAH *starts toward him*) Go away, go away! [Exit, R.]

OLD O. They du say that ever'thin's made fer some good purpose. But shucks! A buddy ud hev ter look a long ways ter see any use 'n a thing like that. Smashed my aigs, an' made my boy sick, tu. (*curls*) Oby! Oby!

YOUNG O. (*off L., weakly*). Yes, pa.

OLD O. Come here. What's the matter with yer?

Enter YOUNG OBADIAH, L., comes down limply.

I swow! You *du* look nice.

YOUNG O. Don't feel nice.

OLD O. Guess yer won't be so peart to smoke terbacker agin, spech-erly sech stuff's dood's smoke.

YOUNG O. He coaxed me to.

OLD O. Don't give us none o' yer Adam an' Eve bisness. I sorter suspicion you didn't need much coaxin'.

YOUNG O. Be yer goin' ter lick me, pa?

OLD O. Wal, I orter. (YOUNG O. *howls*) Shet up! I'll let you off this

time, seein' 's you've ben so sick. But don't you ever let me ketch you a smokin' one o' them pizen things agin. Now come along hum.

[*Exeunt, L. 1 E.*

Enter DUNBAR, L. U. E., cautiously.

DUN. The coast is clear at last, and there is no sign of that cursed tramp anywhere about. I have kept out of Pemberton's way until he must be alarmed for my safety. I must urge him to leave here, for if Wells and Raggles compare notes it will be very awkward for me. But if the worst comes to the worst, blast it, I'll murder that tramp before I'll be exposed. I would be justified, too. I hold my reputation above life itself, and I will defend it at all hazards. If Wells should ever learn that he is suspected of stealing five thousand dollars instead of five hundred, he would seek an explanation at once, and then the secret would be out. That shall never happen; I'll send him to heaven first. (*starts R., pauses*) Here comes Pemberton now, and I'll—no, that impudent actor is with him. I will learn if there is anything in the wind. (*hides behind tent.*)

Enter PEMBERTON and DICK, R.

DICK. Take my advice, Mr. Pemberton, and don't worry. The fellow will turn up like a bad penny.

PEM. And are you also his enemy?

DICK. I have not that pleasure. My feelings regarding him have only reached a condition of dislike.

PEM. Why do you dislike him?

DICK. For one thing, because he sneers at my profession. When I see a man, who professes high morality, turn up his nose at an actor, simply because he is an actor, I put that man down at once as a canting hypocrite. I act only on the stage, but he is acting at all times.

PEM. And your other reasons?

DICK. Instinct, my dear sir. The same reason that makes me dislike a snake or a spider, or anything else that is disagreeable.

PEM. Well, it may be that I have been deceived in Dunbar, yet I am loth to believe it. I have always looked upon him as a model young man.

DICK. And so he may be. My dislike for him is only general—it has nothing whatever to do with his integrity. For all I know he may be a pattern of virtue. Suppose we drop the subject? I hate to say anything unpleasant about a fellow behind his back; but if I ever have a good opportunity I will repeat all that I have said to his face, and will throw in something extra for good measure.

PEM. Very well. Suppose we have a smoke before we turn in for the night?

DICK. I'll go you.

[*Exeunt, R. U. E.*

DUN. (*coming down*). It strikes me that I am not an especial favorite with this crowd. Even that old fool of a Pemberton is weakening in his regard for me. All right, Mr. Richard Percival! (*savagely*) I owe you one, my gay young man, and if I don't make it hot for you next season there is no virtue in money. Let me see. There is no danger that Pemberton will learn anything to-night; so if the tramp has cleared out for good, I'll persuade the old man to leave in the morning. Ah! (*looks R.*) Here comes Wells at last. Vanish, my boy. (*hides behind tent as before.*)

Enter HERBERT and JACK, R. 2 E.

HERB. It is very strange what has become of the fellow.

JACK. I can venture a guess at it.

HERB. Let's have it.

JACK. Our friend with the sanctimonious face has either bribed him to disappear, or has "done" him.

HERB. What motive could he have?

JACK. I can't guess that far,

HERB. I think I have it. This tramp wished to tell me something—something, perhaps, that would implicate Dunbar.

JACK. That would be a motive for putting him out of the way. Yet you say you have no idea who he is.

HERB. Not in the least, although his face is familiar. However, we can do nothing to-night; therefore you may as well turn in, as I shall rout you out early.

JACK. Good-night then, old man. Pleasant dreams.

HERB. Same to you.

JACK. Watch out for yourself, and if you should get into a shindy, sing out, for I sleep with one eye open.

HERB. Thanks; but I shall be all right. Take care of Brayton, though, or some felonious chipmunk may steal him.

JACK. No danger of that, if he has a cigarette going.

HERB. Well, then, good-night.

JACK. Good-night.

[Exit, R.

HERB. There's a good-hearted fellow. I wish that the world was wholly populated with men like him. How strange and heavy the air seems to-night. I have never felt anything like this in the woods before. I wish that tramp had turned up, for I would like to know what he meant by his air of mystery. Who can the fellow be! I know that I've seen him before, and yet for the life of me I cannot place him. Well, (*yawns*) no matter. This has been a busy day, and I am dead tired; so now for bed. (*enters tent*) This isn't exactly a spring mattress. (*lies down*) I expect the poor dude will be a total wreck in the morning. I'm (*yawns*) glad I'm not a dude.

A pause.—Then DUNBAR appears from behind the tent and cautiously comes down; looks off L., comes to R., looks off C., and returns to R. C.

DUN. Nobody about! He is asleep at last. If I spare his life it will result in my own ruin, for I know that to-morrow things will be cleared up, and I shall be disgraced forever. Disgraced! yes, and immured within the cold gray walls of Sing Sing prison. It is my reputation, my liberty, against his life. I'll do it. (*draws knife with a trembling hand*) Curse it all! How my hand shakes! Am I growing chicken-hearted? Come, come, this won't do. Think of what is at stake. One blow and I shall be safe. Who said "murder?" (*looks around nervously*) It's nothing of the sort. It is justifiable, justifiable, and I'll do it. (*starts toward tent, then*)

RAG. (*off L., sings*).

Comrades, comrades, ever since we were boys,
Sharing each other's sorrows, sharing each other's joys;
Comrades when manhood was dawning,

Faithful whate'er might betide;
When danger threatened, my darling old comrade

Was there by my side.

DUN. (*after a pause*). It's Raggles! Good! I'll kill two birds with one stone.

[Exit, R.

Enter RAGGLES, L.

RAG. Fellers don't come sneakin' eround at night with butcher knives in ther hands, 'thout meanin' mischief—specially Dunbar. I sorter reckoned that song would give him the staggers. (*goes to tent, looks in*) Mr. Wells! (*cautiously*) Mr. Wells! Wake up! Wake up!

HERB. Hello!

RAG. 'Sh! It's me. I want ter have a talk.

HERB. (*coming out*). Ah, you've come back, eh?

RAG. You bet. I've ben layin' low, waitin' fer developments. You've ben mighty near to kingdom come.

HERB. What do you mean? (*they come down c.*)

RAG. Jest this. Less 'n five minutes ago I clapped my peepers onto Dunbar sneakin' up with a butcher knife, an' me private opinion is that he meant to carve you inter an angei.

HERB. The scoundrel! Where's my rifle?

RAG. Hold yer hosses. He's sloped.

HERB. Tell me who you are.

RAG. Look at me sharp. Don't you remember an odd-job man as used ter help ther janitor clean up eround ther bank? I'm that huckleberry.

HERB. Ah, I remember you now.

RAG. I know'd you would, an' I know'd you ther minute I sot me two eyes onto you. Look here, Mr. Wells. Why did you leave that air bank?

HERB. I fail to see how—

RAG. Don't get riled. I'll answer that kernumdrum. It's cos you was 'cused of robbin' five thousand plunks.

HERB. What!

RAG. Fact. The ole man thort that you'd swiped five thousand shiners, an' I know you hadn't lifted a blamed one.

HERB. (*taking his hand*). I thank you for that. Yet I don't understand how—

RAG. It's plain as mud. I heer'd you tellin' ther newspaper feller as you charged yerself with five hundred.

HERB. So I did. (*DUNBAR slips unseen behind the tent*.)

RAG. Well, that cuss stole forty-five hundred more, leavin' yer cash five thousand short.

HERB. How do you know this?

RAG. How do I? 'Cause I seed 'im wid me two eyes, an' I hear'd 'im say to hisself, "This cooks *his* goose."

HERB. You saw and heard this?

RAG. Fact.

HERB. Then in Heaven's name why didn't you report it?

RAG. 'Cause I didn't tumble to whese goose was bein' cooked, besides, ther next day I was in the soup meself.

HERB. In what way?

RAG. Why, that slippery devil must a know'd I was there, an' he put up a job on me. As I was goin' out he called ter me—there was nobody in sight jest then,—an' made me a present of an overcoat, which he said he'd no use fer. Like a blame jay I took it, an' that night I was nabbed by a cop fer stealin' it. Well, he got me jugged, but a week ago I was pardoned out. I followed him here to git revenge—(*passionately*) to get revenge, I tell you, an' by the Eternal I'm goin' ter have it' (*crosses*.)

HERB. That's a strange story.

RAG. An' a true one. At first I allow'd I'd kill the whelp, but now I'll let him live to drag out the slow years behind ther bars, a feelin' all ther disgrace he put on me.

HERB. Will you bring Mr. Pemberton here and repeat your story before him?

RAG. Sure. (*starts R.*)

HERB. Hurry up, please. (*goes down L.*)

RAG. You bet. (*DUNBAR draws pistol and fires at RAGGLES, who staggers. He then wheels quickly, and is about to fire at HERBERT, when RAGGLES springs upon him and wrests the pistol from his hand.*)

RAG. Not this evening!

DUN. You devilish—

RAG. Don't swear, mister—it's wicked. (*DUNBAR draws knife, but RAGGLES wrests it from him*) You're a reg'lar plum! (*flings him down*) Lay still, you pizen!

Enter BRAYTON, R., in a long nightgown.

BRAY. Oh deah! What's all this wumpus?

HERB. We've got a snake here. (*binds DUNBAR with rope.*)

BRAY. A snake! (*pulls up nightgown*) Take it away! I don't like snakes.

RAG. This one has two legs, you fool. Go back to bed.

BRAY. Yaas. Perhaps I had bettah. I might catch cold, don't you know. [Exit, L.]

HERB. Get up now. (*DUNBAR rises.*)

Enter PEMBERTON and JACK, R.

PEM. What does this mean?

RAG. 'Bout twenty years, I'm thinkin'.

JACK (*aside to HERBERT*). I thought it best to tell the old gentleman all that I could.

HERB. (*aside to JACK*). Thank you. It saves a part of the trouble, anyhow.

PEM. Curtis, can it be possible that—

DUN. (*savagely*). Yes it can. Now make the most of it.

PEM. Herbert, I did you a great wrong, and I sincerely ask your pardon.

HERB. (*taking his hand*). Granted, sir, freely.

PEM. Then, when the vacation is over, if you will accept your old position, at an increased salary, you will be gladly welcomed back. And our worthy friend here, (*indicating RAGGLES*) shall not be forgotten for his share in making this the happiest vacation we have ever known.

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